



What If by donnaboo17

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Summary: One...Two...Three... The two adults that dressed in rugged Russian uniforms nodded to each other before turning the keys that sealed the gate. The gate that brought so much heartache in their lives, however it brought the two even closer throughout these three years. After turning those said keys, a shadow of a man that had been lurking took his chance and attacked. Post Season 3

1. Prologue

One...

Two...

Three...

Chief Jim Hopper grinned, they did it. He and Joyce had turned the keys that would seal their fate. Looking to the petite woman with complete glee, Jim recieved the exact same look from Joyce. No more monsters. No more evil Russians. Just a peaceful night out at Enzo's.

However, Jim's smile had quickly dissipated as soon as it was formed. It was as if everything became slow motion as he watched a particularly muscular Russian grab the woman in front of him. "No-" before the chief could say anymore, the click of the mans gun silenced him.

Just a few feet away from him stood Joyce in complete terror, being held forcibly by the one man who had been hunting the two down this whole time. Jim never learned his name but from Larry's nickname Arnold Schwarzenegger, he settled for that.

He held out his hands slowly, wanting so desperately to grab the gun that hanged from his torso. But he knew that would make this situation way more worse. As if matters could be even more worse, Hopper winced at the sound of the distant machine. Glancing at the source, he knew it was going to blow.

As if on cue the deathtrap complete exploded. Destroying everything in it's path before dispersing into nothnothingness. All three of them had watched as the machine was completely destroyed and as the menacing gate closed.

Looking back to the two, he knew he had to do something, but what?

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A/N: Well! There's the start of it! I hope you enjoyed the little taste of my idea and I hope to be able to add even more soon.

What do you think will happen next? Well we'll have to find out what Hopper will do in the next one!

2. Chapter One: The Melancholy

A blur. That's all he could remember. A blur of feelings. Not particularly very good ones. The 43 year old man grunted as he sat down at his desk. It had only been 32 hours since the horrible incident. The incident that he couldn't even think too long on before beginning to feel his heart ache.

Letting out a grunt, the chief made eye contact with the man in front of him. Dr Sam Owens had the talent of helping him out except at the worst timing. Surprisingly enough the doctor had convinced him to leave his daughter with the other kids at the hospital.

He noted many things that had shocked him that day. Including that all the Doc had to do was hold up one file in his face, and insist that they needed to talk. Which they indeed needed to talk.

The two men had just been sitting there not saying a word. Nothing needed to be said to make this moment every bit harder. Hop slowly leaned back into his chair, running his hands over his face. Simply waiting for the man who currently sat in front of him to start talking.

"I...uh-" he watched as the Doctor thought long and hard on his words. "I know that...there is no way that I can possibly ease your concerns right now." Owens looked down to his hands for a moment before looking back to the Chief.

Jim knew right then and there that he was damn right. "However, we will do whatever we can to find her." The Doc's voice cracked at this statement and Hopper looked away from him.

This had been the first moment for him to think of everything that's happened. The first moment for him to breathe. To feel the pain.

Exasperated and exhausted the burley man limped his way in the damp and dark parking lot. Very fed up with the Russian uniform that also showed off the bullet holes that he planted there himself. The mix of blue and red lights blinded him. Bringing up his hand to cover his eyes from the light, He spotted a certain yellow figure in distance. Soon enough he got closer to the figure.

Finding his tearful daughter. He had quickly taken her into his arms. Knowing that she was safe. Hearing mild cries from her as she hid her face into his chest. He held her so tightly that he didn't have the heart to ever let go.

Although, seeing yet another figure sitting in the back of one of the ambulances had taken a chunk of his relief from him. He didn't even need to be face to face with the young Byers boy to know that he was crying. Whether it was a sudden instinct or not. Hop instantly headed over to the ailing boy. Bringing El alongside him.

He gently rested his hands on the scrawny boy's shoulders. "I-s...Is sh-e?" Will had barely choked out of his sobs. Hopper's eyes had widened at the suggestion. "No kid." he insisted to him. Looking him straight into the eyes. Her eyes.

"No. She's alive and I'm going to find her." He had told him. Bringing him into a firm embrace. Feeling the teen boy shake in his arms. He gently left a tender kiss in Will's thick brown locks. Becoming his rock. Being someone that he could rely upon.

*"I **will** find her. I promise." He declared to the boy. Hoping to God that he hadn't just lied to the kid.*

The chief's blue eyes met Owens. Doing his utmost best to keep them from leaking one tear. Letting out a large sigh. "That's damn right. You will do everything in your power to find her." Hopper finally snapped. Shaking his head in complete frustration.

He then finally stood from his seat. Moaning a bit in the process. Fully aware of all of the bruises that he had gained in the past few hours. "You and whatever God damn American Army are going to do whatever to step up your game and find Joyce Byers!" He had raised his voice, feeling his throat ache a bit.

The older man hadn't even flinched. He had somewhat of an understanding of exactly where he was coming from. "Yes, as I've sai-" before he could finish the Chief leaned over to his level, placing each of his hands onto the arm rests.

"Your word." he stated bluntly. "I need, your word." he leaned back

against his desk. Simply waiting for a positive response to him. To this Owens nodded his head. "You have my word Jim." he reassured the 43 year old man.

The older man reached forward to the desk for the file he brought with him. He then held it out to Hop. "You're going to need to read this." he informed him. Raising his eyebrows a bit as he held the file to him.

"What the hell is it?" He inquired him. Taking it from him. Looking to the Doc, the curly haired man simply gestured to the file with his head. Without thinking fully on it, he opened the file.

"Look you have nothing now. No machine and no more comrades." Jim did his best to sound as convincing and calm as possible. With the jurrasic situation at hand. Keeping eye contact with the Russian. He even gentle took a small step forward.

"Nothing?" Grigori spoke back with his thick accent. Taking a small step back with Joyce in tow. "You call zis nothing?" A small devious grin formed onto his mouth as he gestured to the woman he held in his hands. Constantly tightening his grip.

Hopper wanted so badly to kill him. He wanted so badly to break his nose. "Please..." He didn't want to beg. But he most certainly had to. "Please just let her go." He pleaded him. Thinking of anything in his power to make this situation any better.

Joyce had closed her eyes at this. She knew what he knew. This was it. Opening her eyes a single tear fell from her eye. Killing the Chief even more. He was so stupid to even consider bringing her here with him.

Although, his thoughts were broken by a distant yelling. His eyebrows furrowed in a bit of puzzlement. "Hey! Joyce, Jim. You alright!?" Murray yelled up to them. Waiting for any response. Hop looked to the deadly man receiving a simple scowl and a slight nod.

Stepping over to the glass window, keeping the two of them in his eyeline he looked down to an expecting Murray. "Yeah, we're alright up here." He replied to him. Doing his best to send some kind of message to him. "Ahem, we're just up here with a-a ruskey that happens to have a hold of

Wheelbarrow...you get that Bald Eagle?" Jim watched as Murray's face immediately changed from joy to complete terror.

The Sheriff shook his head in disbelief. Trying to force back the memories. He peered down at the file to find a few papers inside, glancing at the top one he scoffed in disgust. The paper wrote: **JOYCE BYERS DIES IN STARCOURT MALL FIRE.** It then went into a story of a mystery fire at Starcourt.

Jim looked up to Owens. Shaking his head. "You son of a bitch. Why?" He heard his voice waver a bit. Cursing himself for not being rigid enough for this conversation. "I know what you're thinking." The Doc finally stood from his seat to stretch his legs.

"We just don't want anyone else thinking about solving this case for us." He complied for the distressed man. Taking about three steps around the room beginning to pace. "Continue, there's more." He suggested to him.

Jim glared at him before going to the next page. Then finding two pages that instantly confused him. "What the hell are Will and Johnathan's birth certificates doing in this file?" He looked to Owens quite lost.

"Just read the whole paper Jim." he had retorted back. Not even looking at him, the doctor placed both of his hands onto his hips. Exhaling a small breath of air the Sheriff read the page, mostly skimming through it. Finally landing on Joyce's name and the name written next to it.

As everyone entered the Hospital, Jim finally had stripped away the Russian uniform. Revealing his pink flamingo shirt from underneath. Prior to entering the building he had ridden with Will and El in the ambulance. Apparently Owens had sent out the order to every doctor to examine everyone who was in the fire, to make sure everyone was okay. Hop was quite beat up.

But he didn't care, he only wanted to make sure everyone else was alright. Especially El and Joyce's boys. He chuckled lightly at the thought of how each time Him and Joyce had referred to the kids as 'our children'. That small smile that formed dampened a bit as he walked up to the two boys that

were currently in his thoughts.

Considering the circumstances Johnathan didn't look as bad as he expected. He supposed the young adult was used to it by now. Although, when he looked to Will he could see that he was truly drained and devastated. "Ahem...How are you two holding up?" he asked the boys. Mainly directing the question to Johnathan.

"We're fine. Physically." The 18 year old stated bluntly. Fidgeting with his hands. The Chief could tell that he had also been crying. Letting out a breath of air, he gently rested his hand onto the young man's shoulder.

"Like I said to Will. I promise both of you." he looked to both of them. Wanting them to understand his promise. "I will find her. I will." After saying these words both of the boys broke into tears.

Without another word he gently took both of them into his arms. Doing nothing but holding them.

Down at the bottom each birth certificate lay his name Jim Hopper alongside Joyce's. He looked up to Owens with teary eyes. "We need all of you to lay low for a while." The Doc started, leaning onto his good leg. "I understand that Joyce...had the thoughts of moving. I think that will be the best bet for all of you."

Jim set down the file, standing from the desk. He turned away from him. Looking out the window, noticing the sun coming farther up into the sky. "You want me...Chief of Hawkins police to move with the Byers boys?" He was trying to understand the convenience of this idea.

"Jim, everyone will be wondering what will happen to her boys. So if anyone asks, you're being transferred to Maine and you will be leaving the boys with their father. Now before you start yelling." Owens had seen Hopper's expression at the thought of leaving the boys with their uncaring father. "That's just going to be a cover up."

Hop rolled his eyes at this, yet another cover up story. When would those ever end? "So what? I'm taking the boys and El away from their friends? Their family?" He concluded. Raising his eyebrows at the thought.

Owens let out a long breath. He could tell that he was quite tired. But not as tired as him. Certainly not as tired as Joyce might be this very moment. "I know that this will be very hard. But its the best chance for us to find her. Finding her before...well before something worse may happen."

"So you'll introduce yourself, Jane and the boys as your kids. To whoever you meet in...well Maine. You know that no one can know what truly happened here." He concluded walking to the door of the Sheriff's office. Opening it, looked back to Hopper. "I'm truly sorry...We will be in touch soon."

Hopper didn't even have any more energy to stop him. He sighed getting up from the desk. Taking the orange file into his hand he opened one of the drawers to the dark wooden desk he set the file inside. Knowing very well that he would have to deal with it later.

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Murray Bauman never thought that he'd be at a hospital stuck with a dozen of kids and teenagers. He had rid himself of the sweaty Russian uniform. Now he was simply dressed in his white tanktop. He may have been stuck with kids he didn't really know, but it was a bit nice to see Nancy and Johnathan again.

Despite the circumstances. Among all the kids he noticed a certain girl that looked familiar, not from seeing her back at the the mall with Hop. But from seeing the drawing of her on his wall. He had almost forgot about the whole theory of thinking that she was Russian.

He sure knew she wasn't Russian. However, the ex-reporter's thoughts changed as he saw Jim enter the Hospital and immediately embrace the young girl. Everyone had most certainly been through a lot.

Murray had completely froze in shock. He had clearly got Jim's message. Knowing very well that talking anymore would only be worse for Joyce he silently nodded his head in understanding. He watched as Jim dissapeared from his view. Now he was very on edge.

Murray took one step forward before he heard it. He heard the faint

sound of yelling. Then suddenly a gun shot and screaming. This immediately caused him to start running. "Jim! Joyce!!!" he yelled. Running up the steps he slammed open the door.

Nobody could be found. "Jim!!! Joyce!?" He called out again. Running around one of the many machines in the room, that's when he found him. "Son of a bitch! Jim!" He ran to the unconscious man that layed motionless on the ground. "Please don't be dead. Don't you dare be dead!" He cried out. Letting out a large grunt as he turned him onto his back, letting out a breath of relief when he found no bullet wound.

"Come on Jim. Jim, wake up. Wake up!" He began smacking his face. Trying anything to wake him up. "Dammit Jim! Wake up!" He yelled down to him. Shaking the Chief's limb body. Suddenly, the unconscious man began coughing. Rolling onto his side.

"Argh! J-Joyce!? JOYCE!!!" Hop had yelled out. Grunting as he instantly stood up. Murray hurriedly helped him to his feet. "Wait...Jim. Where is Joyce?" he questioned him. Not missing the complete terror in Jim's eyes. "Where is Joyce!?" he raised his voice, snapping the Sheriff out of his shocked state.

"He took her..." He gasped out. Pushing past the shorter man. "Wha-Jim!" He exclaimed as Hopper began helplessly looking everywhere. "He TOOK HER! THE SON OF BITCH TOOK HER!!!" Hopper yelled back to him. Not even looking to him, he grabbed the door and swung it open.

"Where do you think you're going?" Murray grabbed onto the 43 year olds shoulder. Hop immediately grabbed Murray by his collar, shoving him against the wall. "I'm going to go find her." He snapped, looking extremely determined. "Jim you have no idea where he's gone. Right now the best thing you can do for Joyce, is get the hell out of here."

Before Hop could say anything back they both heard the distant sound of running footsteps and yelling. "Shit! Jim c'mon! Come on!!! We need to go!" Murray had finally pried his hands from his collar, before dragging him out to the exit he had found. Running down the hallways before being abruptly stopped by the American Armed forces.

Murray stood from his seat and made eye contact with the taller man. "Hey. Jim we should talk." He stated. Glancing down at the young

girl before looking back to Jim. "Privately." he added.

Jim had simply nodded while giving the young teen a peck on her bandaged forehead. Then the two walked over to a bit more secluded area in the dank hospital. "What is it?" The Chief breathed out. With a clear tone of exhaustion.

"I'm planning on going back to my place and I'm going to continue to do my digging. I'm going to do anything I can do to help you find her." The 42 year old man declared. He was determined to do his best to get those two lovebirds back together.

No matter how hard or how long it may take. He couldn't let Jim do this alone and he wasn't alone. Jim nodded at this, looking to Murray with gratitude. "Yeah, I um...thanks, thank you for that. I'll remember to keep in touch." He coughed up his words. Using his best attempts to keep his tears at bay.

The bruised up man firmly placed his hand onto Murray's shoulder. Patting it firmly. "Thank you and stay safe." He added, not sure if he could function losing one of his most resourceful friends.

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Hopper slowly opened the front door of the Byers house. Trying to remember when the last time he was here. His best guess was when he had taken El and Will to get Icecream just after the Snow Ball. He had remembered insisting on giving the Boy a ride with him back safely home.

Joyce wasn't very keen with letting him out of her sight. With a long process of persuading, the Chief had brought him home safely. Also witnessing El and her exchange a brief hug. His brief memory soon vanished as Johnathan pushed past him inside.

He definitely couldn't blame the kid if he felt any harsh feelings to him. He was the one that brought her down there in the first place. Hopper stepped aside for Will and El to enter the quiet house. He shut the door behind him, placing his hands onto his hips. "I know its already morning. But why don't we all get some sleep?"

He suggested to the three, patiently waiting for any response. "sure..." Hop barely heard Johnathan mutter under his breath before heading to his room. Hop then watched as Will followed in tow heading into his own room. "Where do I sleep?"

Jim looked to his daughter. Letting out a breath he gave her a gentle smile. "You can sleep in Joyce's room." he watched as she gave a small smile back to him before nodding in agreement. He then lead her down the hallway discovering the partial opened door. "Go ahead." he nodded to El.

He stood back as he allowed her to open the door. She had a small limp as she walked into the bedroom. Taking it all in. "Just like Joyce." Eleven mumbled quietly. "What did you say?" Hopper asked her, not sure if he heard her right.

"Just...like Joyce." Eleven repeated her statement. Trying her best to get the words across to him. For him to truly understand her meaning. Hop glanced around the room, not even daring to enter. "Yeah that's right." He smiled to her, before he went to the close the door.

However he left it about three inches open.

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A/N: YAY!!! There it is! I hope you enjoyed it. This was honestly really hard to write because I wanted to do the best of capturing each of the characters through my words. What do you think will happen next? How will Hop and the others be holding up? You'll get to see in the next chapter!

3. Chapter two: The Unknown

THREE MONTHS LATER

Hopper quietly hummed a small tune as he packed a box from the kitchen into the back of the U-haul truck. He chuckled a bit as he quickly dodged both Nancy and Johnathan as they both hauled his mattress into the back of the truck. Walking into the now becoming vacant house, he shook his head in amusement as he heard the sound of Max and Lucas singing a familiar song in the livingroom.

Hopper then passed the guest room, in which in the corner of his eye. He spotted his daughter and Mike kissing. To this he widened his eyes. Keeping his pace he avoided El as he entered Joyce's room. Exhaling a breath as he scanned the room.

He gently removed his large hat. Setting it aside on top of a few boxes. He slowly sat himself down in front of a certain box labeled 'Joyce'. He definitely had postponed this day as long as he could. Although he knew this is what she would've wanted him to do. To keep them all safe.

Unconsciously he felt as a single tear streamed down his cheek. Hastily he wiped the tear away. Folding his arm across his chest pocket of his Sheriff uniform he heard a small crinkle of paper. He furrowed his eyebrows as he retrieved the small paper.

He smiled at the recognition of Joyce's handwriting. Along with his small addition at the bottom of the page. "What is that?" Hopper jumped at the sound of Eleven's curious voice. Glancing down at the paper then back to her.

"Um. It's actually something that Joyce helped me with. Ahem it was meant for you...well for you and Mike." He cleared his throat. Attempting to mask his emotions. El looked at him quite expectingly. "Can I read?" She asked him, with the purest innocence in her eyes.

He stood up from the floor grabbing his hat while he held the paper in the other hand. "Yeah. Sure...yeah you can read it." he held out the paper to her. His eyes followed her as she silently walked into the

other room. Taking that as his cue to leave her be, he went back to the cardboard boxes. That held so many memories.

With a huff Jim picked up the most boxes he could grab before taking them outside. Yet again passing Johnathan and Nancy as the two both held each other inside the older Byers boy's empty room. Setting them down into the almost filled truck, he turned back to the house watching as Mike, Dustin, and Max each brought another box to the truck. He gave them all gentle nod before heading back inside.

Hop walked down the hallway. Checking each room for anymore boxes. Making it to Will's room he was abruptly stopped short. Letting out a grunt as he felt El's body collided with his. She tightly rapped her smaller arms around him.

Hopper slowly rapped his arms around her body. Quite taken aback by this strong sign of affection. "Um...you okay kid?" He chuckled slightly, looking down to her. He then heard a bit of her sniffing. She had been crying. "Yeah. I'm okay...I read it." She looked up to him with a smile.

"I love you, Dad." She declared to him, a smile still on her face. She pulled back still in his grasp, standing face to face with him. Hearing those words had truly filled his heart with joy, especially hearing her call him 'Dad'. It even made him almost cry. "I Love you too, Kid." He breathed out.

He gently pulled her back into a tight hug. "Time to go?" Her muffled voice questioned him. He let out a sigh before nodding his head. "Yeah it's time to go." He confirmed. Gently giving her a kiss on the top of her silky brown hair.

He let her go. Watching as she walked down the hallway and out the front door. Hop took a moment to take this now empty house all in. Glancing into Will's room the memories just began to flow.

"Hey, sweetie. What if you didn't have to use words?"

Joyce's words bounced throughout his mind as he walked from the room. He remembered how worried she was that day, in which she had the right. Will wasn't acting like himself at all, at that time they

didn't know that Will wasn't Will at all. Walking further down the hall his blue eyes glanced to that said woman's now empty room. Leaning against the door frame he took in a small breath.

Inside the now dark room Hopper looked up at the broken down woman in front of him. He didn't need to say a thing to know what she was feeling at this very moment. With her tear stained face, she looked to him too before looking away. Trying to process what she could possibly do.

Joyce had just lost Bob that day. He knew that she couldn't be all alone in her room. That was why he had sat down on the floor, giving her the company that she desperately needed. Continuing to the Kitchen while he played with his hat. His face lit up a bit, finding a fonder memory.

The Sheriff laughed as the two of them recalled their highschool memories. "We ran. We just ran." Joyce widened her eyes chuckling as she concluded the recollection. Hop had really appreciated that moment in his life. Just a moment to have fun, not having a care in the world.

This had placed smile on his face. Walking from the kitchen he peered into the empty livingroom. He could remember that the only time he saw at least this much space in the room was when Joyce and Him worked together to figure out Will's map. Like he had said, they both made a pretty good team.

Hopper took in a small breath before he placed his hat onto his head. He looked out the opened front door. Spotting everyone else placing the last boxes inside the truck before Johnathan sealed it shut. With the doorknob in hand Hop gave the house one last look before he closed it shut behind him.

Heading forward to new memories. To new opportunities and a new way to find her. He knew with every fiber in his being that she was alive out there. It was only a matter of time for him to find her. Hop looked to the group of kids. He knew that they were all inseparable.

Walking up to the group his smile had simply dampened. He knew that they had all probably hated him for doing this. For bringing everyone apart. However, to his dismay Hop was surprised as Dustin, Lucas, and Max had pulled him into a group hug. His eyebrows had

raised past his hairline.

He was not expecting this of all the outcomes. He had gently rapped his arms around the trio. Calming patting them on their backs. As the three of them released themselves from the previous embrace, Hopper noticed quite a few tears coming from the redhead's eyes.

"Stay sharp Chief." Lucas told him as if giving him an order. He cleared his throat. Giving Lucas a nod before turning to the Wheeler's kids. Nancy had rapped her arms around his neck, letting out a small amount of cries. All Hop could really do was hug her back. He looked to Mike for a second before his attention was turned back to Nancy.

"You'll find her. I'm sure of it." The young woman encouraged him as she pulled back from the hug. Giving both of his arms a squeeze she smiled in advance. Letting her walk over to the others, Hop turned to the ever growing boy.

"Hey-" he was cut off by Mike's body slamming into his. He tightly rapped his arms around the mans body. This was certainly an eye-opener for Jim. Slowly he rapped his arms around the kid. Leaning his chin against his head. "Take good care of her." Mike absolutely knew Hop would do just that. However, asking him allowed him that reassurance.

"Yeah, of course kid. I will." He uttered out of his mouth. Quite aware of the tears that had fallen from his deep blue eyes. Hopper gave Mike another squeeze before he let him go. Hopper watched as Mike retreated back to the group. The Sheriff Let out a breath of air before he headed towards the U-haul truck.

Hopping inside the truck, he only had to wait a few moments for El to hop in as well. Peering through is left mirror he watched as both Will and Johnathan got into the older boy's car. After few more miles down the rode, Hop could see a small sign in the distance. Fully aware of what it said. **'Leaving Hawkins come again soon'.**

As the U-haul truck dragged the small green Pinto behind it and passed the brown sign followed by Johnathan, Hopper exhaled looking to El he could see how saddened she looked. "Hey. Are you okay?" He inquired, his eyes showing clear concern for her. The

downhearted girl looked to him, giving him a small smile. "Yeah. I'm okay." She said truthfully.

Watching him she raised her eyebrows a bit. "Are you okay?" she asked him. Silently waiting for an answer. Hop was a bit surprised by this sign of interest. Glancing to her then back to the road in front of him. "I, uh...Why do you ask?" He drew the question back to her. She took a small inhale. "You are just...different."

Hopper widened his eyes a bit at this observation. "Different, How?" He prodded. Glancing between her and the road he noticed as her face scrunched in thought. "Di...Dis..." With a determined face she tried to find the right word remembering he had used it in his letter. "Dist-" however, whether or not she had found the word Hopper cut her off.

"Distant?" he raised his eyebrows. To this she nodded her head in confirmation. He brought one of his hands from the steering wheel to his mouth. "I uh...I guess I've just been really focused. Focused on...on getting her home." He complied to her.

Eleven frowned in thought at this. "But. We left home." She stated bluntly. To this Hopper shook his head. "Home isn't just a place. Your home is where you make it." He explained to her. Hoping that she was satisfied with that answer. "Where you make it." She repeated under her breath.

Hopper grinned as he focused on the road. However, his grin faded as he let his thoughts wander to a memory that he wasn't at all fond of.

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With a new look in his eyes, the petite woman watched as Hopper backed away from the window. Joyce let out a small gasp as she felt the 7 foot Russian behind her back away from the Sheriff even more. Keeping his grip unmoving. "Styep bakk." With his thick accent he glared at the Chief. Raising his gun towards him.

"Hey! Let her go!" Hopper raised his arms in front of him. Taking multiple steps towards them. With sudden instinct Grigori shoved Joyce to the

ground beside him. The small woman let out a grunt as she hit the floor. The burley man stepped in front of her before bringing his pistol to Hopper's direction. "No!!!" Joyce cried out as she saw him cock the hammer.

However, before he could pull the trigger, Hopper sprung to action. As they fought the two of them moved out of her view. Joyce winced as she heard multiple punches and yells between the two men. Finally she hopped to her feet, spotting them both. Seeing that Hopper was struggling to keep the gun from his head.

Without further thought she ran behind the Russian. Yelling at him, hitting and kicking him before she was forced back to the ground by his force. "Hey!" Hop yelled, quite fed up with the man. Grunting Grigori brought up the gun aiming at his target. Joyce widened her eyes. "No! Hopper!!!" letting out the scream before she watched as Hopper jumped out of the way his head colliding with one of the metal control panels before hearing the gunshot.

Still on the cold floor Joyce froze in complete shock. She couldn't see Hopper's face but she could tell he wasn't moving. Then the tears began to flow. As she began crawling toward him, she was abruptly stopped by the Russian's rough hands grabbing her by the waist. "No! noo!" She yelled and screamed to him. Struggling in his grip.

"I won't leave him! No! Let me go!" The determined woman screamed out as she kicked and yelled. Joyce grunted as he brought her over his shoulder, feeling a loss of air as his shoulder shoved into her gut. Before she knew it, everything began to fade away. The secret base, the Russians, and Hopper everything was vanishing before her eyes.

Letting out a large gasp of air. The pale woman sat up from the chilling floor. Looking down to her now rugged and worn down rags that she had changed into prior to her arrival. Laying her head against the floor she looked up to the dark ceiling. That dream wasn't the first and it wasn't the last of them.

She had no clue how long she had been trapped here. But she knew one thing for sure. It was way to long. Joyce needed to find a way out of this cave. She was absolutely exhausted, what they mainly gave her of food was some soppy like porridge and not much water.

As for her hygiene that was a whole other story. Her hair was a complete mess. Even more tangled than it's ever been before. Occasionally the Brutes would bring her to a empty room with a bucket full of freezing cold water. With one of the most scratchy cloths that they consider a towel.

Mostly every night she would find herself shivering from the cold until she would fall asleep. She wasn't sure what would kill her first dying from starvation or freezing to death. Although, her small thoughts were broken by the sound of the metal door screeched as it was forced open.

With complete fear, Joyce scooted herself against the wall. Doing her best to contain her constant shaking. She peered up at the door to see the very man who had brought her here. In fact she had no clue where 'here' was. Along with him were two of his comrades in uniform standing behind him.

"Breeng khyer." He ordered the two men. Joyce widened her eyes at this, before they both grabbed her by the arms. "N-no! let me go!" She cried out as she struggled against the two. Their death grips wouldn't budge at all, they only tighten around her arms.

With a slight amount of ease the men brought her down the murky hallway. Finally stopping at a door. Grinning a bit Grigori turned to face her before he opened the door to show her what resided inside the room. Looking into the room her core went cold. Glancing back to him she shook her head. "Please...Please don't do this!" She begged him as they two men dragged her forward.

"Don't do this!!!" She screamed to him as the forced her forward. Wincing as she heard the door slam shut. Knowing very well that what layed in store for her was going to be a complete and living Hell.

•~•

Glancing down at the clock it read **7:05 AM**. Letting out a small grunt Hopper peered over to the passenger seat to see that El was fast asleep. Luckily this roadtrip had only consisted of one pitstop. Giving them enough time to make it to their destination. Knowing very well

that they all still had to unpack when they got to the house.

Hop had decided they would stay at the closet motel they found on the way there. As he pulled the U-haul truck into the parking lot, he looked to El knowing he'd probably have to wake her soon. However, he decided against it and hopped out of the truck.

Seeing that Johnathan had also just pulled in he walked to the lobby of the motel. Quickly handling the room information before he returned back to the truck. Opening the passenger door, he gently unbuckled El then brought her into his arms. Closing the door behind him with his leg, he carried El to the room.

Laying her onto one of the two beds Hopper smiled for moment. Walking out the door he past both a tired Will and Johnathan. The Chief walked over to the truck, grabbing his bag of clothes from the front before he made sure that he had locked it up.

Entering the motel room again, he shut the door behind him. Seeing that both Will and Johnathan had taken the other bed and were fast asleep. Pulling out a chair he sat down and set his bag beside the chair. Letting out a breath he looked at all of them before he took his hat and layed it over his eyes, falling into a dreamless sleep.

Unaware of what lay ahead for all of them.

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A/N: Phew! There you go! I do hope you enjoyed it! Also I wanted to let you all know that doing this story I don't have any hate of how the Duffer brothers ended the third season. I think they did a beautiful job. Which made it a bit more difficult to write. But anyways!

Please tell me what you all think, I'd love to hear from you. Especially let me know what you would like to see more of! Comment what you think will happen next, you never know it might happen. Thanks so much for reading! What's going to happen next with our strange friends? You will see in the next chapter!